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A  
S T E P  
TO  
Stir-Bitch-Fair:  
WITH  
R E M A R K S  
UPON THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
CAMBRIDGE.

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A  
S T E P  
T O  
STIR-BITCH-FAIR.

**H**AVING heard much of the Fame of *Stir-Bitch-Fair*, where *Vice*, *Merchandise*, and *Diversion*, draw the *Cambridge-Youth*, *London-Traders*, *Lyn-Whores*, and abundance of *Ubiquitarian-Strollers*, into a promiscuous Assembly, all contributing something to either the Pleasure or Profit of one another; some coming to spend Money, others to get it: The Promotion of their Interest, or the pleasing of their Senses being the two chief Ends, I suppose, which collect such Numbers of Mankind together from their sundry scatter'd Habitations: I resolv'd, since the Season of the year prov'd Dry and Pleasant, to make a short visit to *Cambridge*, and withal to take a compleat survey of this its Neighbouring and Renown'd Fair, of which I had often heard many remarkable and pleasant Stories. In pursuance of this my Design, I gave earnest for a Place in the Stage-Coach, and the next Morning having Lin'd my Pockets, and bundled up a sufficient Quantity of Linnen to refresh me for the Fortnight, I took a Hackney *Wheel-about* for Expeditions sake to the *Green-Dragon* within *Bishopsgate*, where our Traveling Convenience stood ready to receive me: But by that time I got thither, the Countrey *Tub-driver* began to be impatient, all the Company but my self being already come, and had taken up their Stations in the Dirty, Lumbering, Wooden Hovel, being more in shape like a *Tobacco-Hoghead* than a *Coach*, Bellying out in the *Bowdge* like the Stern of a *Dutch Fly-Boat*; and was built more for Burthen, and the Horses Ease, than to commodore Travellers. The rest of the Company being most of 'em pretty Burly, had made a Shift to leave me a Nook in the Back part of the Coach, not much wider than a Chair for a jointed Baby; I nestled, and I squeez'd and drew in my sides like a fat Man going thro' a narrow Stile, till with much ado I had wedg'd in my Buttocks between the side of the Coach and the Hip of a bouncing *Blowfabella*, who sat next me. Thus labouring as hard as ever did furious Lover to riggle himself in between the knees of a coy Mistress.

When



When I had thus by Storm and a great deal of Fatigue, taken my Place, which notwithstanding the troublesome coming at it, I had before paid for, I sat with Patience upon Force, crowded up like a great Plumb in the Corner of a Minc'd-Pye. But before many Minutes were spent, our brawny Storm-beaten *Carriage-Flogger*, whose empty Noddle was arm'd against the Weather, with a Leather-Cap as thick as a Church-Bucket, drew up his Flounder-mouth like a Hens Fundament; and with a cherrup or two, and an Enlivening Slash, away scower'd the half Dozen of thin Gutted Titts, with a Crowd of Sinners at their Arses, as if the Devil drove 'em: Our Booted *Caravan*, almost as big as the Belly of the *Trojan-Horse*, being bound down so strictly to it's good Behaviour, that it had no more sway when we came over a Kennel, than St. *Sepulchers* Steeple has when the Colledge Youths are singing in it: Whilst we at every swog, headed our Elbows in one anothers sides, till I had the ill Fortune to so raise an old Gentlemans Spleen, that he Grind and Snarl'd like a Towzer at a Bone when a strange Dog is near him, being ready to bite my Nose off, having given his Corns a jostle I suppose, that put him under an uneasiness beyond the Patience of his Years, which seem'd to be attended with a Peevish Temper and many Infirmities. In a little time we got off the Stones, and had done Cursing of the Pavier; and then began to swim as easily along the Road as a *Graves-end* Barge in Fair Weather, tho' wedg'd as close in one by another as a Barrel of Red-Herrings, or Wheat-Ears in a *Tunbridge-Pye*.

I now took the Liberty to examine into my Company, consisting of five Women, a sucking Child, the old Gentleman, and my self. Two of our Ladies I discover'd by their Talk were *Sempstresses*, the third a *Perfumers Widow*, the fourth a *Fatherless Parsons Daughter*, and the fifth I imagin'd, was carrying down an Unwelcome Fairing, the Child, to some unfortunate *Cantabridgian*, who when he was last in *London*, answer'd the end of his Creation a little unadvisedly, and left his Image behind 'im. The Old Gentleman, I understood by his Talk, having a Son at St. *John's* Colledge, whose unruly Appetites were a little too powerful for the Weak Discretion of his Junior Years to keep under a regular Subjection, was going down in order (by his Paternal Authority) to restrain him, if it were possible, from the *Vices* and *Debaucheries* incident to the Fair.

I began to consider with my self the inequality of the Number of the *Female Sex*, was likely to make it a Chargeable Journey to the old Man and I, unless I could handsomly project some Passible means to slip my Neck out of the Chollar, which I did in a great Measure after the following Method. When a little accidental Mirth and Frothy Prattle had begun our Acquaintance, and begot a little Familiarity amongst one another, I began to tell 'em a Story, wherein I introduc'd it as a Custome in English Travelling, that the Majority of either Sex us'd to treat the lesser Number of the other; but however, being unwilling to put so heavy a Task upon such a Number of so pritty Ladies, tho'



tho scarce one was handsome enough to be a Concubine to a Black-amoor, I thought it was very Reasonable for the Old Gentleman and I to take one apiece of 'em under our Protection; and that those whom Fortune should exclude from Enjoying the Benefit should have no reason to be Angry, they should draw Cuts among themselves, to determine who should be Entit'led to the Advantage, which the wanton Titts very merrily consented to; but the old Testy Curmudgion having little Generosity in his Looks, and less in his Heart, seem'd to be very much out of Humour I had made so expensive a Proposal, and very peevishly expressed the following Words, *viz.* *Marry let them Treat 'em that most wanted a return of their Favours, as for his part he was grown Old and past it:* Why, Turf Father, said I, if you were never so Old, you might wish a good thing well. But I'll engage, said I, you are able to do Business still, if you would but give your mind to't. *Not I,* reply'd the surly Cuff, shaking his Head, but whispering in my Ear, says he, *Pa give five Hundred Pounds I could.* However at last we droll'd the old Love-Penny into a Compliance, and the Women drew Lots; which, for a Shift, the willing Creatures made of Whale-Bone they pluck'd out of their Stomachers. Upon the decision of the matter, the homeliest *Pugnancy* amongst 'em fell to my Lot, and Fortune favour'd the Old Fumbler with the Youngest and Handsom'st, which infus'd such a Juvenal Spirit into my Grandfire, that he grew as Frothy, and as Brisk, as a Bottle of small-Beer at Mid-summer; Snapping his Middle-Finger and Thumb at every word, as loud as a pair of Castinets, entertaining his Mistress with a Song in excuse of his Age, part of which I remember to recite, *viz.*

## SONG.

*Tho' I am an Old Man, I have Wealth and Riches;  
And besides Money, I've something in my Breaches;  
And dare to hold a Young Man, a Guinea to a Shilling,  
I can please a Young Wench, if she be but willing.*

By this time our diminutive Fellow Traveller, the swadled Infant; began by his shrill Squales, more frightful to a Petticoat-Sinner, than a Sow-Gelders Horn to a gelt Mungril, to show very terrible Signes of a Lamentable uneasiness; upon which, the indulging Mother, tender of her hopeful Progeny (after she had try'd *Hush, my dear Creature, Lull-a-by, and the Bubby*, but without Effect) guess'd rightly the disaster that attended the poor Innocent, and began like a careful Nurse, to examine whether any Signes of good Luck had drop'd from the Childs Bum-fiddle; and upon strict enquiry found the Baby had broke his twatling strings, to the great offence of the Nostriks of the whole Company, in-somuch that I, for want of being accusom'd to the Infirmities of Children, was more than ordinary Squeamish, and to avoid the Sight of the gilded double clout, as well as the Scent of those Odoriferous Effluvia's that arose from the Sower Grounds of the leaky Runlet; I popp'd out my Head out of one of the Coach Windows, for the Benefit of the Air,

and rid for a Mile, as if I had sat Barrel'd up in a Gold-finders Caravan, with my Head out of the Bung-hole; so that between the two extrems of Age and Infancy, we pass away the Time till we came to *Ware*; where we put in at the Sign of the *Englisb Champion*, who redeem'd the Maid from the Jaws of the Dragon, to give Nature the refreshment of a Dinner, and to ease our tired Limbs from that Numbness incident to those crippling Postures, the Number of our Company forc'd us to sit in; in this Inn stands the great Bed of *Ware*, talk'd of as much among the Citizens, who seldom Travel beyond the bounds of the home Circuit; as the Gigantick greatness of the *Herodian Colossus*, or the Magnitude of the *Trajan Horse*, are amongst the Sober Enquirers into lost Antiquities. The Extravagant largeness of this Bed is very much wonder'd at, by all that see it, being wide enough to lodge a Troop of Soldiers, with the assistance of a Trundle-Bed; in the same Room hangs a great pair of Horns, upon which (insisting upon an old Custom) they Swear all new Comers; the form of the Oath being something Comical, and withal very Antient, I have presented it to the Reader, hoping if it be not valuable for its Wit, it may be for it's Antiquity.

Take Care thou do'st thy self no wrong,  
 Drink no small Beer when thou hast Strong;  
 And further do thy self this Right,  
 Eat no Brown Bread if thou hast White;  
 And if the Mistress thou can'st Bed,  
 Besure thou do'st not kiss the Maid.  
 Show not thy Wife thy utmost Strength,  
 Nor let her know thy Purse's Length;  
 Never be Bonnd for any Friend,  
 But rather far thy Money Lend;  
 For thou wilt find 'tis better he  
 Should break or be undone, than thee;  
 Trust no Man that is Proud and Poor,  
 Unless thou wilt forgive the Score;  
 For he will neither Pay nor own,  
 The Kindness thou to him hast shewn;  
 Be just and grateful to thy Friend,  
 'Twill make thee happy in the end;  
 But if thy self and thine thou'd'st save,  
 Take Care thou deal'st not with a Knaves:  
 Trust not thy Wife, tho' near so good,  
 With no Man but thy Self abroad.  
 For if thou do'st, e'er she returns,  
 Thy Forehead may be deck'd with Horns:  
 What I have said do thou retain,  
 So Kiss the Horns, and say, Amen.

After this very Useful and Cautionary Oath had been administred of several of our Company, and among the rest my self; our Twelve-pence apiece was exacted, for the Benefit of the rest of our Fellow-Travellers, who



who had been accustom'd to the Road; which Fine we were forc'd to submit to, or undergo the Ridicule of the whole House, for the Ill-natur'd breach of an Old Custom. This Ceremony being ended, and the usual dues Collected, and brought in, in such sundry sorts of Liquor as might please every Bodies Pallat, spur'd on by our Appetites, we began to enquire what sorts of Provisions they either had in the House, or intended for our Dinners? To which the Master answer'd, The only thing that the Town was fam'd for, was *Eels*; in the ordering of which they had so compleat a Knowledge, they would undertake to dress 'em as many several ways as ever a *French Cook* did a Feast of *Frogs*, or a *Dutch Skipper* a Dish of Pickl'd Herrings. And it happening so Fortunately, that every one of our Company being great Lovers of this Fish, we readily united in one Opinion, and order'd that our Dinner might be all *Eels*, desiring the Cook might serve us up with as great variety of this Slippery Food, as her utmost Skill in the useful Art of Cookery would give her Leave; without further directing her to any particularities, but left her wholly to her own Freedom and Discretion in the Business; which indeed she manag'd so well to her Masters Interest, and to the Companies Satisfaction, that I believe never was a parcel of Mud-worms serv'd up to the Table of an *Epicure*, and render'd more pleasing to the Pallat, with such variety of Sawces, or made fit for the Stomach by such sundry Stratagems, as were us'd in the industrious Coquination of these our slimy Ratables; Besides, the ordinary ways of Boiling, Frying, Baking, Stewing, Roasting, and Toasting; we had 'em Coddl'd, Parboil'd, Sows'd Dows'd, and the Devil and all.

When we had Plentifully Feasted on our Fish, like so many Cormorants, and wound up our Dinner as decency requires, with a short Thanksgiving, we call'd for a Bill to inform us what we had to pay; accordingly one was brought, wherein more particulars were inserted, than ever were found in a *Taylor's Debt-Book*, or a *Boatwain's Catalogue* of Materials, for the new rigging of a Vessel; which sum'd up, came as exactly to half a Crown, a Head, and Twelve-pence for the Cook, as if the Master himself, had been well Skil'd in Arithmetical Proportion, and knew well upon Expedition how to prevent Fractions in a reckoninig; tho' we told 'em we thought our selves a little unreasonably dealt with; yet they so very much insisted on the extraordinary Trouble we had put 'em to; that they Talkatively prevented any manner of Abatements, only the Master very Politickly presented us with a Dram a piece of right French Brandy, to wash away the grumbling in our Gizards, that we might not report to his Prejudice the hardness of our Usage.

We all now had recourse again to our Countrey Vehicle, where we restated our selves in our former Misery; and underwent the Pennance of being cramm'd as close as Ported Pdigeons, till we came to *Puckeridge*; where the Coach-man only call'd, to wash the Dust out of his Mouth, and supply his Salival Ducts with a little Moisture, which might well become Drowthy, with his talking to his Horses, upon whom he vent-

ted



ted as much Spleen, Passion, and Flagellation, as ever did peevish Pedagogue upon a dozen of Block-heads, who had neither Wit nor Memory. All that was remarkable here, was an Ax which they show'd us, kept as sharp and as bright, as if it were whetted as often as their Knives, or scowerd as often as their Handirons; this antiquated Weapon, as they tell you, had the Honour of cutting off some great Mans Head, but who, or upon what Account, they are at a great Loss to inform you.

From thence we jog'd on, till we came to our Evenings Stage, a Town call'd *Barley*; where we put into an Inn, distinguished by the Name of *Old Pharaoh*, which Title it acquir'd from a Stout Elevating Malt-Liquor under the same Name, for which it has long been famous. This Inn is kept not only by a Female, but according to her own report, and the Belief of her Neighbours, a Maid too; and of such a Herculean Proportion, that had she been in the same Jeopardy with the Virgin of Old, she would have been able to have made her Party good with the Dragon; and if the English Champion had lent his assistance to the weakest side, which I am sure must have been the Monster, I am certain she'd have prov'd strong enough to have beat *St. George* into the Bargain. Here our Entertainment was very good, tho' not so cheap as to be attended with no Fault; here we heartily enjoy'd the true English Pleasure of Substantial Eating, and supply'd that Empriness, the slippery Eels had left in our Stomachs, with well-fed Mutton, and fat Fowles, which we wash'd down with old *Pharaoh*, till we made our selves as merry as Bumpkins at a Harvest home, till the Women like true Gossips over their Liquor, began to let their Tongues run as fast as the quickest Division of Tollets Ground, quattrelling about the uneasiness of one anothers places in the Coach, as if their Bumfiddles had been gaul'd by the hardness of their Seats; whilst indeed I heartily wish'd their Tongues in the same Condition. Our bouncing Maiden-Landlady to show a peculiar respect to us the Company of the Coach, which I suppose, she esteem'd as generally her most profitable Guests, oblig'd us with her Company, not only to Supper, at which according to old custom, she compos'd her Dutch-built Stern into a sedential Posture at the Upper end of the Table, but also honour'd us after with a great deal of her Blunt Conversation, which was very pleasant, and consequently acceptable; entertaining us with a great many merry Stories, one of which I thought more particularly diverting, and being manag'd by her self, and Transacted in her own House, I think it worth the Reciting.

About the middle of this last Summer, a couple of jolly Country Parsons were coming up to Town, mounted upon *Road* and *Sorrel*, with their Wives behind 'em, and chanc'd in the close of the Evening to put into old *Pharaoh*, and Inn there for the Night; the House happening to be full of Travellers, insomuch that the best Rooms were before taken up, had but one Chamber to spare, wherein there were two Beds, which the Parsons

at

rather than to go further and fare worse, consented to accept of; Ordering a couple of Fowls to be laid down to the Fire, it being difficult for a Priest to rest quietly that Night he goes to Bed without Roastmeat for his Supper, says our Maiden Landlady; they all being hot with riding, and half choak'd with the Dust upon the road, call'd plentifully for old *Pharaoh*, which their Wives seem'd highly to approve on, complaining greatly they had met with but indifferent Liquor thro' out all their Journey, till they had happily arriv'd at *Barly*, upon which, says she, one of the Parsons Punn'd upon the Name of the Town, after the following manner:

*Good Barly makes good Mault,  
Good Mault makes this good Liquor;  
Which has no other Fault,  
Unless it's so strong,  
'Twill Fuddle e'er long,  
Both me and my Brother Vicar.*

Thus they diverted themselves, till their Supper was ready, to which they sat down with as chearful looks, and keen appetites, as if it were a Parish Feast, and what ever they had Eat and Drank, should have been on free-cost; when they had about half done, they remembered to invite their Hostess to participate, who having a huge Spirit, as I found by her telling the Story, in proportion to the Bulkiness of her Body, was so highly disgusted, that after a slighting manner, she refus'd their unmannerly kindness, resolving, as I suppose, to be even with 'em in the Rock'ing. When Supper was over, and the two Parsons had cast up Cross or Pile who should return thanks for the good Creature; the two good Wives after they had drank a Grace-cup, were desirous to go to Bed; the Parsons at this time having a greater kindness for the Liquor, than for their Helpmates Company, had a mind to sit up a little longer, and considering Tobacco to be a good Emblem of the World's vanity and instability, were resolv'd to Moralize over one peremptory Pipe, and a comfortable Cup or two of Coroborating Old *Pharaoh*: Upon which their Ladies being equally tir'd with the Fatigue of their Journey, retir'd to their Chamber without their Husbands, with a Female Chamberlain to attend 'em, who put them in their several Beds, set the Receptricles of the Night in order, wish'd them good Rest, and bid them farewell till the next Morning. Our Maiden Landlady about half an hour after, having an indispensable occasion for something in the same Room, went up Stairs, open'd the Chamber Door, intending to excuse her self to the Levites Bedfellows, but found 'em both refreshing their weary Limbs with Nature's kindest Medicament, a sound Sleep, which immediately put a Project into her Head, to draw the two Priests into an ignorant Breach of the Ninth Commandment, and make 'em the reciprocal Authors of one anothers Cuckoldom, without knowing any thing of the matter, till 'twas too late for prevention; in order to effect this Design, she changes the places of their Garments, putting the Cloaths of the one Parsons Wife, to the Bed-side of the other, and shutting the Door after her, came down Stairs, growing



very Merry and Jocund with her Canonical Guests, which occasion'd 'em to inflame their Bodies with a Pot or two extraordinary. When thus their own Wills had measur'd out to their Appetites a sufficient Quantity, they were lighted up to Bed, and coming into the Chamber, feasting to wake their Wives were very hush, ordering the Chamberlain to go down Stairs, for they needed not his Assistance; the Curtains being Drawn, and the Parsons having an Eye on their Wives Cloaths, chose their Beds by the Apparel that lay by 'em, examining no further for a better Information, but to Bed they went. The Landlady Lodging herself that Night in the next Room, which nothing but a Thin Wainscote parted, on Purpose to satisfie her self how her Project took, and what Event it would produce in the Morning. No sooner had the Priests laid aside the Robes of Divinity, and were Cumbent in their Feathers, but the Power of Old Pharaoh, and the warmth of their Wives together, began to operate on both Parties, and something was done, says my Landlady, which, tho' I'm a Maid, I cannot chuse but guess at: All things going smoothly on till Break of Day without discovery, about five a Clock in the Morning one of the Parsons opening the Curtains to guess at the time of Day, happens to espy his Neighbours Wife instead of his own, and hearing his Brother Priest (who had not been Marry'd above a Month) very busy in the next Bed. *On Hall, to Q. Night's hour, says he, have a care what you do; pray G—d send we are not mistaken; I doubt you have my Goods there, however it came about, for I'm sure I have that by me that's none of my own.* The other who had much the younger and Prettier Wife: Tears open the Curtains, and finds it too true to make a Jest on, Leaps out of Bed, which the other did also, and so chang'd into their proper Places. The Parsons enquiring amongst themselves what could be the meaning of this strange mistake, could account it to nothing but an agreement of their Wives to change Bed-fellows; which the Women being Innocent deny'd, with all satisfactory Protestations; so that what to make on't they could not imagine, but dress themselves and went down Stairs, having no way left but to make the best of a bad Market. When they came into the Kitchen, my Landlady bid 'em good Morrow, hop'd they rested well all Night, and ask'd if they'd be pleas'd to have a Cup of the old Liquor and a Toast for their Mornings Draught. No, no, says one of the Heavenly Guides very angrily, *Pharaoh was a good King, but your Pharaoh is wicked Liquor; it had like to have rais'd a dispute between my Friend and I this Morning, about pulling one another's Boots on.* Indeed Husband, says the oldest and the wisest of the Wives, *now it was a very pleasant mistake, howsoever it happen'd.*

*Hush, (says the Parson) Wife remember this, Words are not well, in things thus mixt.*

Meeting with nothing further that was remarkable at Old Pharaoh's, when we had refresh'd our Bodies with a Night's repose; in the Morning after we had lin'd our Carcasses with a good Breakfast, to keep the Fogs from offending our Stomachs, we set forward on our Journey, and proceeded without any thing remarkable, till we came to *Saffron Walden,*



*Walden*, so call'd from the great Quantities of that most excellent Flower that grows there so valu'd by Physicians for it's admirable Vertues in abundance of Distempers, being held to be one of the greatest Cordials the whole Universe produces, it is said the Yellow Jaundise is never incident to the Inhabitants of this Place, against which lazy Distemper, this true English Medicine is so infallibly Efficacious, that let a Person but Ride thro' the Town who is under this disorder, and the Effluvia that arise from their Saffron-Gardens, shall fill the Air with such a Salubrious Quality, that the Odoriferous Breath you suck into your Nostrils, shall prove an effectual Cure, for not only the a-fore-mentioned, but many other Distempers; as for my own part, I found my self so enliven'd with the Fumes, which I insh'd up as we pass'd thro', that a stale Maid after the Loss of her Virginity, or a clear'd Culprit, who has just knock'd off his Shackles, could not be more Frolicksome and Gay, than I found my self, which I may justly ascribe to the great Influence of this Golden colour'd Product, which is of a Nature so good, that Physicians themselves allow it can scarce be us'd amiss.

From thence we jogg'd on about a Mile, at which distance from *Saffron Walden*, stood a famous Pile of Stone Building, called *Audley End*, of which I had often heard, but never till this time had amaz'd my Eyes with such a stupendious Structure, which seem'd to me to be a great City, with the License of a Traveller, almost as big as *London* within the Walls, if you take Gardens and all, and for ought I know, I shall not enlarge so much as to need your Pardon for it.

This Magnificent Edifice was first rais'd by an Ancestor of the Earl of *Suffolk*, and sold afterwards to King *Charles*; the Magnitude of this House is reported to be such, that 'tis a Days Work for a running Footman to open and shut the Windows that appertain thereto; and that there is one Gallery in it, of such a vast length, that if you beat a Drum at one end, it shan't be loud enough to fright away a Mouse at the other; nor are we able to distinguish at the same distance a Hog from a Dog, without a spying Glass. It's a House fit only for a Prince, and to be maintain'd and upheld at a National Charge, for it's almost large enough to Beggar the Country it stands in, to keep it in repair. It is situated in a valley at the Bottom of a Hill, and has Water enough comes down in the Winter to drown it, if Care by Drains and Aqueducts, were not taken to prevent it. 'Tis a useless Vanity, sprung up from abundance of Riches, rais'd more for wonder than for use; and serves rather as a Monument of the Donor's Pride and Greatness, than his Wisdom and Liberality; for to spend one half of an Estate in a Building, that would ruine the remainder to keep it in Repair, either shows that a Man knows not well what he does, or that he has more Money than he knows well what to do with; or else that he was mindful to do a vain thing with his Treasure, the better to show the World the Vanity of Riches.

From thence we bow'd along an Asses Gallop, now and then plagu'd with a terrifying Lesson from our little Humane Bagpipes, meeting with nothing

nothing remarkable till we came within four Mile of Cambridge, at which distance the top of Kings Colledge Chappel was discernable, appearing in a Figure resembling a Cradle, and by Travellers is so call'd; which happen'd to draw into my Noddle, the following scrap of Poetry.

*Old Cambridge brings forth Men of Learning and Parts,  
 Dame Natures dark Laws so unriddle;  
 And Since she's the Midwife of Science and Arts,  
 'Tis fit she be known by a Cradle.*

When from thence we had travel'd about three Mile further, we came to a small Village call'd *Trumpington*, a Mile on this side Cambridge. This Town is not a little famous for two great Conveniences it affords the young Scholars of the University, for here the fresh Men first learn to be good Companions, and afterwards when in Orders, practise to be good Preachers; for here they commonly Drink their first merry cup with their Friends after their initiation, and generally deliver their first Sermon when Qualified by the Bishop for the Ministerial Function, as we pass'd thro' *Trumpington*, where the Scholars at their leisure hours, are some or other of 'em usually refreshing themselves; we saw several Black Gowns pop in and out of the little Country-hovels, like so many Black Rabbits in a Warren, bolting out of their Coney-Burroughs; I have some reason to be jealous, the Name of this Place was Originally given it for no good, but rather from some wild Schollars, who being Libidiously given, had usual recourse thither, and kist the Wenches till they Farted again, from whence, as some Sages conjecture, in process of time, it gain'd the Name *Trumping-Town*.

*Where Women, doubtless, are possess'd;  
 Of Faculties discerning;  
 Since they (kind Souls) so oft are Blest,  
 With Men of Parts and Learning,  
 One Pulpit's Common to the Gown,  
 For Teachers to be seen in;  
 But they have Numbers in the Town,  
 Where Preachers oft have been in.  
 All standing stify to their Text,  
 Till clear'd the Point most fairly;  
 Whilst those they trust are never vex'd,  
 But when they're done too Early.*

The next place we arriv'd at, was our Journeys end, Cambridge; where Black and Purple Gowns were stroling about Town, like Parsons in a Country Metropolis, during the Bishops visitation; Some looking with as meagre Countenances, as if in search of the *Philosophers Stone*, they had



had study'd themselves into an Hypochondriack Melancholly; others seeming so profoundly thoughtful, as if in pursuance of *Agricola's* Notions they were studying how to raise Sparagras from Rams-Horns, or to produce a *Homunculus* as Gardeners do *Pumpkins*, by burying the *Semen* in a Dunghil; some looking as Plump and as jolly as a painted *Bacchus* bestriding a Canary Bux; smiling as he pass'd by, at his own Soliloquies, as if he was muttering over to himself some Bacchanalian Ode, he had conceiv'd in Praise of good *Claret*; others seeming as Sorrowfully Sorrowful as if they were Maudlin Fuddl'd, and lamenting the Misfortune of poor *Anacreon*, who Choak'd himself with a Grape-Stone; some strutting along about Eighteen years of Age, in new Gown and Cassock, as if they had receiv'd Orders about two hours before, and were the next Morning to have Institution and Induction, to become the hopeful Guide of a whole Parish; and here and there one appearing so Raskishly Thoughtless, as if Nature, by his empty Looks, had design'd him to grind Mustard, or pick Mushrooms for some Noble-Mans Kitchen; tho' his Parents, in Opposition to his destiny, resolv'd to make him a Scholar. As for the Town it self, it was so abominably dirty, that *Old-Street* in the middle of a Winters Thaw, or *Bartholomew-Fair* after a Shower of Rain, could not have more occasion for a Scavenger, than the miry Street of this famous Corporation; and most of them so very narrow, that should two Wheel-barrowe meet in the largest of their Thorough-fares, they are enough to make a stop for half an hour before they can well clear themselves of one another, to make room for Passengers.

After the Coach had set me down, and I had taken a fair Leave of my Fellow-Travellers, I walk'd about to take a more compleat survey both of the Town and University. The Buildings in many parts of the Town were so little and so low, that they look'd more like Huts for Pigmies, than Houses for Men; and their very Shop-keepers seem'd to me to be so well-siz'd to their Habitations, that they appear'd like so many Monkeys in their Diminutive Shops mimicking the Trade of *London*. Amongst the rest of the Pumps and Vanities of this Wicked Corporation, there is one very famous Inn, distinguish'd by the Sign of the *Devils-Lapdog* in *Pett-Cory*, here I went to refresh my self with a Glas or two of Canary; where I found an Old grisly Curmudgion, Corniferously Wedded to a Plump, Young, Black, Beautiful, good Landlady, who I afterwards heard had so great a kindness for the University, that she had rather see two or three Gown-men come into her House, than a Cuckoldly Crow of Aldermen in all their Pontificalibus; and indeed I had reason to believe there was no love lost, for the Scholars crept in as fast and as slyly, for either a Kiss, a kind Look, or a Cup of Comfort, as Hogs into an Orchard after a High-wind, or Flies into Pigstyes, for the sake of the Sugar; I lik'd my pretty Hostess so wonderfully well, and was so greatly Delighted with the pleasant Conversation I met with in the House, that I determin'd with my self to make this my place of residence during my continuance in the Town, so bespeaking a Bed, I afterwards took a Walk in order to view the University, of which I shall proceed to give you a sober and Comely Description.



The Colledges stand without side the Town, which in plain Terms is a Corporation of Ignorance, hem'd round with Arts and Sciences, a Nest of Fools, that dwell on the Superfluities of the Learned, an Ingrateful Soil where the Seeds of Generosity are daily scatter'd, but produce nothing in return but the Wicked Weeds of Unthankfulness and Ingratitude. Of Learned Societies there are in all Sixteen, twelve Colledges, and four Halls; the most Magnificent of which, being that of *Trinity*, whose spacious Quadrangle, and commodious Library remain without comparison, the Scholars of this Foundation are distinctly Habited, in Purple Gowns; the rest of the University wearing Black, agree in one and the same Mode. The next piece of Building more particularly Remarkable, is *Kings-Colledge* Chappel, Founded by *Henry* the Sixth, and is greatly fam'd by all Men of Judgment, for it's admirable Architecture, much after the manner of *Henry* the Seventh's Chappel at *Westminster*, if not finer, and larger. The rest of the Colledges, except *St. John's* (which has been Beautified and Enlarg'd of late years) wear the Faces of great Antiquity, and tho' they are not so fine as those which have had the Advantage of a Modern improvement, yet the rust of their Aged Walls, and Obsolescence of their Structure, procure Veneration from all Spectators, and seem'd to me more noble in their Ancient Uniformity, than others disagreeable enlarg'd with additional Novelties. In short, the Colledges are so Splendid, the Government so Regular, the Orders so Strict, the Ceremonies so Decorous, and the Preferments so Honourable, that in all *Europe* it is not excel'd by any University except *Oxford*.

Having thus feasted my Eyes with a general view of the Colledges, I retir'd to my Inn, where I repos'd my self after a good Supper, till the next Morning, which proving fine and Pleasant, I took a Walk to *Stir-Bitab-Fair*, tho' for the expence of 3d. I might have been accommodated with the Conveniency of a *London Hackney*, who at this Season bring Passengers from *London* and ply there for the Fortnight, carrying Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, for the aforesaid price, provided they have as many as will fill their Coach; but for Eighteen-pence a Scholar and his Mistress may have a running Bawdy-house to themselves, draw up their Tin Salutes, pink'd like the Bottom of a Cullender, and hug one another as private as they please, obscur'd from the wandring Eyes of all observing Passengers.

I had not walk'd above half a Mile from *Cambridge* towards the Fair, but I came to a renown'd Village which by all reports very deservedly has gain'd the Ignominious Epithet of *Bawdy-Barnwel*, so call'd from the Numerous Brothel-Houses it contains for the Health, Ease, and Pleasure of the Learned Vicinity, and has had so ancient a Reputation for Sacrificing it's Female Off-spring thro' many Ages, to the Use and Service of the Neighbouring Societies, that there has not been a Maiden-head known in the Town at Sixteen years of Age, since the time of King *Henry* the first, in whose Reign *Cambridge* was new Model'd into an University. Besides the Women of this place have such a Love for the Scholars, and hatred for the Townsmen, that a Batchelour of Arts shall have more favour for a Distick of English Verses, in praise of Simple Fornication, than the best Tradesmen thro' out the Corporation shall find for an Ounce of Sterling.

From thence I march'd forward till I came to the Fair, where I beheld such a Number of Wooden Edifices, and such a Multitude of Gentry, Scholars, Tradesmen, Whores, Hawkers, Pedlars, and Pick-pockets, that it seem'd to me like an Abstract of all sorts of Mankind, drawn into a lesser Body, to show the World in Epitomy: At first I came to the Proctors-Booth, wherein he keeps an Arbitrary Court to Punish, as the Learned Divan shall think fit, all Misdemeanors touching the Scholars, from whence there can be no Appeal; and near to this is held another Wooden Court of Justice on the Behalf of the Corporation, where his Worshipful Bulkiness the Mayor, sits to determine all such Matters as concern his Authority, assisted with the cornuted Elders of the Town, who are ready to lend a Horn upon occasion, to help the Head of their Superiour in all cases of dissent. A little beyond these, lay vast Quantities of Hops, brought in from the adjacent Countreys; which made me at first conceive the *Consuegers* to be indefatigable Topers of Malt Liquor, if the Town could consume a the in Tythe Twelve-month of what I beheld

in Bags, which upon second consideration I imagin'd might be as well bought up by our London Merchants, and therefore ought to beg *Cambridg's* Pardon for thinking it guilty of such excessive Inebriety.

From thence I turn'd to the left, by the River side, where my Noll-wills were Saluted with such a Saline Savoury Whiff, as if I had been walking in a dry Fish-mongers shop in *Thames-street*; at last I came into a Dutch Market of red and pickled Herrings, Salt-fish, Oysters, Pitch, Tar, Soap, &c. Next these a parcel of Wooden Trumpery, rang'd in as much order, as a Cup-board of Plate, where *Bacchanalian* Students may furnish themselves with Punch-Bowles, agreeable to their own Bibacity, Sor's supply themselves with Cans, sizable to their own Humours, and Beggars accommodate themselves with Spoons and Porridge-Dishes of any Dimension, suitable to their own Appetites. Adjoyning to this place, stand about a Dozen of Suttlers boozing-Kens, distinguished by the Name of the *Lyn-Booths*; the good People that keep 'em being Inhabitants of that Town, and have so fair a Reputation for the soul practise of Venery, that their sinful Hovels have always maintain'd the Character of being notorious Bawdy-Houses; the Scholars, to encourage the old Trade of Basket-making, have great resort to these Up-tail Accademies; where they are often presented with a *Lyn* Fairing, which brings 'em to thin Jaws, and a Month or two's spare diet, as a penance for a minutes Titillation; giving many of 'em reason to say with a Scholar under the same Affliction, who being at Chappel whisper'd to his Chamber-fellow, *Chien, Chum, tho' I have the Word of God in my Mouth, to tell thee the Truth on't, I have a Lyn Devil in my Breeches.*

From these Booths I went strait up a Hill, and came into a very handsome street call'd *Garlick-Row*, where the slit-deal Tenements were occupy'd by Sempstresses, Perfumers, Milleners, Toy-men, and Cabinet-makers; and is chiefly frequented by Powder'd Beau's, Bushy Wig'd Blockheads, Country Belfa's, and Beautiful *Bury* Ladies; the latter of which being as commendable for their good Nature, as remarkable for their Prettiness, are attended with such Crowds of Dutchified Fops, with their Hats under their Arms, and their Hands in their Pockets, Bowing and Cringing with such Flexible Submission to each Proud Enchantress, as if their Backs were made of Whalebone; which brought into my Mind the following Distich of my Lord *Rochesters*, in which if I alter one Word, for decency's sake, I hope the Reader will excuse it.

*So a Proud Minx does lead about,*

*Of Humble Curs the Am'rous Rout.*

This Place terminates in a Place call'd originally *Cooks-Row*, but now more properly *Cuckolds-Row*, from the great Number of Booksellers that are now crept into Possession of their Greasiness Division; this Learned part of the Fair is the Scholars chief Rendezvous, where some that have Money come to buy Books, whilst others who want it, take 'em illy up, upon Condition to pay if they're catch'd, and think it a Pious piece of Generosity, to give St. *Austin* or St. *Gregory* Protection in a Gown Sleeve till they can better provide for 'em. Here the most famous Auctioneer of all Great as well as Little *Britain*, sells Books by the Hammer, and gives the Scholars as merry an Entertainment, as a Mountebank and his *Andrew*. Here's an Old Author for you, Gentlemen, you may Judge his Antiquity by the Fashion of his Leather-Jacket; herein is contain'd, for the Benefit of you Scholars, the Knowledge of every thing; written by that famous Author, who thro' his Profound Wisdom, very luckily discover'd that he knew nothing? For your Encouragement, Gentlemen, I'll put him up at two Shillings, advance 3 Pence; Two Shillings once: What no Body bid? The Bladder advances 3d. Two and 3d. once: Gentlemen, Eye for shame, why stare Men of your Parts and Learning, will never suffer the Works of so famous an Author to be thus undervalued: If you'll believe me, Gentlemen, he's worth more to a Powder-Monkey to make Cartridges of, than what's bid: Two and three pence twice? What no Body amongst you Gentlemen of the Black Robe, that has so much respect for the Wisdom of our Ancestors, as to advance rather 3d? Well Sir, I find you must have him at two and three pence, Knock, and now you've bought him: Sir I must tell you, you'll find Learning enough within him, to puzzle both Universities: And thus much I promise you further Sir, when you have read him seven years, if you don't like him, bring him to me again, in Little Britain, and I'll help you to a Man shall give you a Shilling for him



him, to cover Band-Boxes. At this sort of rate he banters the young Students; and whatever they purchas'd, gave 'em a Jest into the Bargain.

From thence I pass'd into a great Street call'd *Cheapside*, where on one side were a considerable number of wholesale Tradesmen, as *Linnen-drapers*, *Silk-men*, *Iron-mongers*, *Leather-sellers*, *Tobacconists*, &c. who swell'd in their Shops, and look'd as big above the rest of the Petty-Dealers as the bluff well-fed Senior-Fellows of a College do above the lean thin-gutted poor Sizers. On the opposite side are *Sutlers* Booths, much frequented by the *London Citizens*, who are easily to be known by their thin Calves-Leather Boots, and the Bloodiness of their Spurs, whose Rowels have been often bury'd in the sides of their Hackneys. Their pretence is, coming down to meet their Customers; tho' its plain by their Loitering, they have little else to do but to Drink, Smoke, and Whore; and to help support the Fair in its Ancient Custom of Debauchery; couzening themselves of their Time, their Families of their Money, and their dear Wives of their Company. Their Whips they wear under their Arms, as a Beau does his Hat; and tie up the ends of their Bob-Wigs in Black Bags, with a ridiculous hope of being thought Gentlemen.

Behind these Booths is a place call'd the *Duddery*, incompass'd round with *Salesmen* and People that sell *Norwich-Stuffs*, and in the Middle, abundance of Packs of that Deceitful Commodity *Yorkshire-Cloth*: The *Salesmen* Ply at their Booth-doors as they do in *Long-lane*; and Lug and Tug the poor Country Folks into their Mercenary Wardrobes as if they had power to Arrest 'em; who are surely Cheated if they Buy, and almost Worry'd if they dont. In the Center of this Place stands an old weather-beaten Pulpit, where on Sunday a Sermon is deliver'd, for the Edification of the Struggling Sinners, who give open Attention, as in a Field-Conventicle. Here is also great quantities of Wool, put up in Bags, which they call Pockets, weighing at least a Tun Weight: An *Irish Gentleman* coming by, and staring very hard upon 'em, By my Shoul, says he, they are the largest Feather-Beds dat ever I did see; I wonder how they do to turn 'em when they make 'em.

On the other side the River there's a little Town, call'd *Chesterton*, in which there is the Sign of the *Black Bull*, where the Country Chapmen generally Lodg that come to the Fair, for the sake of rare strong humming Ale, for which 'tis famous; over which they get Drunk, Quarrel, and make Bargains, till the Fox brings 'em to Sleep, and Sleep, by the next Morning, to a Sober Repentance.

The chief Entertainment of the Fair, is *Stubble-Geese* and *Apple-Sauce*, *Fat Pig* and *Fly-Sauce*, *Bad Sack* and *Good Walnuts*; the last of which the *Citizens* send as Fairings to their Wives, to Divert 'em behind the Counter, in their Husbands Absence.

At Night, when their Booths are shut up, which is only by Skewering two Hair-cloths together, then all that are *Freshmen* are sought by their Acquaintance, in order to be *Christened*: The manner of which is thus, Two or three contrive to decoy him, or her into a *Sutlers* Booth, under pretence of some body being there to speak with them about Business; and then privately send for an old Fellow dignified with the Title of *Lord Tap*; from his going Arm'd all-over with Spigots and Fossils, like a *Porcupine* with his Quills or looking rather like a Fowl wrapt up in a Pound of *Sausages*; who when he comes, rings his Bell over the Head of the Party, repeating these Words with an Audible Voice:

Over thy Head I ring this Bell,

Because thou art an Infidel;

And I have found thee out by thy Smell;

With a *Blowius* *Doxius* call upon him,

That no Vengeance may Light on him.

Then the Party Christ'ned chooses two out of the Company to be his Godfathers, who generally give him some very Bawdy Name; then they swear him upon the Horns, as at *Highgate*, make him give *Tap* Six pence, and spend four or five Shillings to treat the Company, and then for ever after he's free of *Stir-Ride-Fair*; Of which having given my self the Satisfaction of a General Survey, I went back to *Cambridge*, took a Place in the Stage Coach, and return'd to *London*.